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(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—At her home in the Street, Sidney Page agrees to marry Joe Drummond "after years and years" she talks to K. Le Moyne, the new roomer.

CHAPTER II.—Sidney's aunt Harriet, who has been dressmaking with Sidney's mother, launches an independent modiste's parlor. Sidney gets Dr. Ed Wilson's influence with his brother, Doctor Max, the successful young surgeon, to place her in the hospital as a probationer nurse.

CHAPTER III.—K. becomes acquainted in the Street. Sidney asks him to stay on as a roomer and explains her plans for financing her home while she is in the school.

CHAPTER IV.—Doctor Max gets Sidney into the hospital school.

CHAPTER VI.

Operations were over for the afternoon. The last case had been wheeled out of the elevator. The pit of the operating room was in disorder—towels everywhere, tables of instruments, steaming sterilizers. Orderlies were going about, carrying out linens, emptying pans. At a table two nurses were cleaning instruments and putting them away in their glass cases. Irrigators were being emptied, sponges recounted and checked off on written lists.

In the midst of the confusion, Wilson stood giving last orders to the interne at his elbow. As he talked he secured his hands and arms with a small brush; bits of lather flew off on to the tiled floor. His speech was incisive, vigorous. At the hospital they said his nerves were iron; there was no let-down after the day's work. The internes worshiped and feared him. He was just, but without mercy. To be able to work like that, so certainly, with so sure a touch, and to look like a Greek god! Wilson's only rival, a gynecologist named O'Hara, got results, too; but he sweated and swore through his operations, was not too careful as to asepsis, and looked like a gorilla.

The day had been a hard one. The operating-room nurses were fagged. Two or three probationers had been sent to help clean up, and a senior nurse, Wilson's eyes caught the nurse's eyes as she passed him.

"Here, too, Miss Harrison!" he said gayly. "Have they set you on my trail?" With the eyes of the room on her, the girl answered primly:

"I'm to be in your office in the mornings, Doctor Wilson, and anywhere I am needed in the afternoons."

"And your vacation?"

"I shall take it when Miss Simpson comes back."

Although he went on at once with his conversation with the interne, he still heard the click of her heels about the room. He had not lost the fact that she had flushed when he spoke to her. The mischief that was latent in him came to the surface. When he had rinsed his hands, he followed her, carrying the towel to where she stood talking to the superintendent of the training school.

"Thanks very much, Miss Gregg," he said. "Everything went off nicely."

He was in a magnanimous mood. He smiled at Miss Gregg, who was elderly and gray, but visibly his creature.

"The sponge list, doctor."

He glanced over it, noting accurately sponges prepared, used, turned in. But he missed no gesture of the girl who stood beside Miss Gregg.

"All right," he returned the list. "That was a mighty pretty probationer I brought you yesterday."

Two small frowning lines appeared between Miss Harrison's dark brows. He caught them, caught her somber eyes too, and was amused and rather stimulated.

"She is very young."

"Prefer 'em young," said Doctor Max. "Willing to learn at that age. You'll have to watch her, though. You'll have all the internes buzzing around, neglecting business."

Miss Gregg rather fluttered. She was divided between her disapproval of internes at all times and of young probationers generally, and her allegiance to the brilliant surgeon whose word was rapidly becoming law in the hospital. When an emergency of the cleaning-up called her away, doubt still in her eyes, Wilson was left alone with Miss Harrison.

"Tired?" He adopted the gentle, almost tender tone that made most women his slaves.

"A little. It is warm."

"What are you going to do this evening? Any lectures?"

"Lectures are over for the summer. I shall go to prayers, and after that to the roof for air."

"Can't you take a little ride tonight and cool off? I'll have the car wherever you say. A ride and some supper—how does it sound? You could get away at seven—"

"Miss Gregg is coming!"

With an impressive face, the girl turned away. The workers of the operating room surged between them. But he was clever with the guile of the pursuing male. Eyes of all on him, he turned at the door of the wardrobe room and spoke to her over the heads of a dozen nurses.



"Can't You Take a Little Ride Tonight?"

"That patient's address that I had forgotten, Miss Harrison, is the corner of the Park and Ellington avenue."

"Thank you."

She played the game well, was quite calm. He admired her coolness. Certainly she was pretty, and certainly, too, she was interested in him. He went whistling into the wardrobe room. As he turned he caught the interne's eye, and there passed between them a glance of complete comprehension. The interne grinned.

The room was not empty. His brother was there, listening to the comments of O'Hara, his friendly rival.

"Good work, boy!" said O'Hara, and clapped a hairy hand on his shoulder.

"That last case was a wonder. I'm proud of you, and your brother here is indecently excited. It was the Edwardes method, wasn't it? I saw it done at his clinic in New York."

"Glad you liked it. Yes, Edwardes was a pal of mine in Berlin. A great surgeon, too, poor old chap!"

"There aren't three men in the country with the nerve and the hand for it."

O'Hara went out, glowing with his own magnanimity. Doctor Ed stood by and waited while his brother got into his clothes. He was rather silent. There were many times when he wished that their mother could have lived to see how he had carried out his promise to "make a man of Max." Sometimes he wondered what she would think of his own untidy methods compared with Max's extravagant order—of the bag, for instance, with the dog's collar in it, and other things. On these occasions he always determined to clear out the bag.

"I guess I'll be getting along," he said. "Will you be home for dinner?"

"I think not. I'll—I'm going to run out of town, and eat where it's cool."

The Street was notoriously hot in summer.

"There's a roast of beef. It's a pity to cook a roast for one."

Wasteful, too, this cooking of food for two and only one to eat it. A roast of beef meant a visit, in Doctor Ed's modest-paying clientele. He still paid the expenses of the house on the Street.

"Sorry, old man; I've made another arrangement."

They left the hospital together. Everywhere the younger man received the homage of success. The elevator man bowed and flung the doors open, with a smile; the pharmacy clerk, the doorkeeper, even the convalescent patient who was polishing the great brass doorplate, tendered their tribute. Doctor Ed looked neither to right nor left.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOOTBALL TOMORROW.

Tomorrow afternoon on the Bryan Baptist Academy field the Bryan High School will play the Taylor High School and a good game is promised. Special arrangements have been made whereby the game will be called at 2:30 so as not to conflict with the A. and M. Rolla game. The contesting teams are evenly matched and a hard fight is expected. The admission is 25 cents.

A SAD MESSAGE.

Messrs. Sam and Julius Levy received a telegram yesterday afternoon announcing the death of their cousin Sam Goodman of Beaumont, which occurred at an early hour yesterday morning. The remains were shipped to Navasota where burial was made this afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Levy went to Navasota to attend the burial.



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AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS" IS DEAD

(By Associated Press.)
New York, Nov. 16.—Henry Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, author of "Quo Vadis," is dead at Vevey, Switzerland, cable advices says.

Inside a new hand bag for women is a mirror and a tiny dry battery fed electric lamp, which is automatically switched on when the bag is opened.

ELECTRIC WORKERS GET WAGE RAISE

Four Thousand Employees of Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company Get Raise.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 16.—The salaries of approximately four thousand office men of the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company were advanced about 12 per cent through the extension of the bonus system, which has been effective in the shops a long time.

WATSON PUT IN A CLOSE PLACE

Waco, Texas, Nov. 16.—Watson refused to say if he would ask the jury to acquit him on the ground of insanity.

"I don't consider him insane especially," he said.

Orange marmalade, jellies, pickles and Dixie relish will be sold in any quantity by the girls of the canning club at their booth at the Pure Food Show Friday and Saturday.

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